

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

DISCOURSE APPROPRIATE FOR THE PRESENT HOLIDAY SEASON.

Subject Is the Nativity—How God Honored Childhood—Motherhood for All Time Consecrated by the Scene in the Humble Stable at Bethlehem.

(Copyright, 1901, Louis Klopsch, N. Y.) Washington, Dec. 22.—This discourse of Dr. Talmage is full of the nativity and appropriate for the holidays; text, Luke ii, 16, "And they came with haste and found Mary and Joseph, and the babe lying in a manger."

The black window shutters of a December night were thrown open and some of the best singers of a world where they all sing stood there, and putting back the drapery of cloud and the peace anthem until all the echoes of hill and valley applauded and encircled the hallelujah chorus. Come, let us go into that Christmas scene as though we had never before worshipped at the manger. Here is a Madonna worth looking at. I wonder not that the most frequent name in all lands and in all Christian centuries is Mary. And there are Marys in palaces and German and French and Italian and Spanish and English pronounce it differently, they are all namesakes of the one whom we find on a bed of straw, with her pale face against the soft cheek of Christ in the night of the nativity. All the great painters have tried, on canvas, to present Mary and her child and the incidents of that most famous night in the world's history. Raphael, in three different masterpieces, celebrated them. Titoretto and Ghirlandajo surpassed themselves in the adoration of the magi. Correggio needed to do no more than his Madonna to become immortal. The "Madonna of the Lily," by Leonardo da Vinci, will kindle the admiration of all ages. But all the galleries of Dresden are forgotten when I think of the small room of that gallery containing the "Sistine Madonna." Yet all of them were copies of St. Matthew's Madonna and Luke's Madonna, the inspired Madonna of the old book, which we had put into our hands when we were infants and that we hope to have under our heads when we die.

Behold, in the first place, that on the night of Christ's life God honored the brute creation. You cannot go into that Bethlehem barn without going past the camels, the mules, the dogs, the oxen. The brutes of that stable heard the first cry of the infant Lord. Some of the old painters represent the oxen and camels kneeling that night before the newborn babe. And well might they kneel! Have you ever thought that Christ came, among other things, to alleviate the sufferings of the brute creation? Was it not appropriate that he should, during the first few days and nights of his life on earth, be surrounded by the dumb beasts, whose moan and plaint and bellowing have for ages been a prayer to God for the arresting of their tortures and the righting of their wrongs? Not a kennel in all the centuries, not a bird's nest, not a worn-out horse on towpath, not a herd freezing in the poorly built cowpen, not a freight car in summer time bring the heaves to market without water through a thousand miles of agony, not a surgeon's room witnessing the struggles of fox or rabbit or pigeon or dog in the horrors of vivisection, but has an interest in the fact that Christ was born in a stable surrounded by brutes.

Standing then, as I imagine now I do, in that Bethlehem night with an infant Christ on one side and the speechless creatures of God on the other, I cry: Look out how you strike the rowl into that horse's side; take off that curb bit from that bleeding mouth; remove that saddle from that raw back; shoot not for fun that bird that is too small for food; forget not to put water into the cage of that canary; throw out some crumbs to those birds caught too far north in the winter's inclemency; arrest that man who is making that one horse draw a load heavy enough for three; rush in upon that scene where boys are torturing a cat or transfixing a butterfly and grasshopper; drive not off that old robin, for her nest is a mother's cradle and under her wing there may be three or four musicians of the sky in training. In your families and in your schools teach the coming generation more mercy than the present generation has ever shown and in this marvelous Bible picture of the nativity, while you point out to them the angel, show them also the camel, and while they hear the celestial chant let them also hear the cow's moan.

Behold also in this Bible scene how on that Christmas night God honored childhood. Childhood was to be honored by that advent. He must have a child's light limbs and a child's dimpled hand and a child's beaming eye and a child's flaxen hair, and babyhood was to be honored for all time to come, and a cradle was to mean more than a grave. Mighty God, may the reflection of that one child's face be seen in all infantile faces!

Enough have all these fathers and mothers on hand if they have a child in the house. A throne, a crowd, a scepter, a kingdom, under charge. Be careful how you strike him across the head, jarring the brain. What you say to him will be centennial and millennial, and a hundred years and a thousand years will not stop the echo and re-echo. Do not say, "It is only a child." Rather say, "It is only an immortal." It is only a masterpiece of Jehovah. It is only a being that shall outlive sun and moon and star and ages quadrupled. God has infinite resources, and he can give presents of great value, but when he wants to give the richest possible gift to a household he looks around all the worlds and all the universe and then gives a child. Yea, in all ages God has honored childhood. He makes almost every picture a failure unless there be a child either playing on the floor or looking through the window or seated on the lap gazing into the face of the mother.

It was a child in Naaman's kitchen that told the great Syrian warrior where he might go and get cured of the leprosy, which at his seventeenth

plunge in the Jordan was left at the bottom of the river. It was to the cradle of leaves in which a child was laid, rocked by the Nile, that God called the attention of history. It was a sick child that evoked Christ's curative sympathies. It was a child that Christ set in the midst of the squabbling disciples to teach the lesson of humility.

A child decided Waterloo, showing the army of Blucher how they could take a short cut through the fields when if the old road had been followed the Prussian general would have come up too late to save the destinies of Europe. It was a child that decided Gettysburg, he having overheard two Confederate generals in a conversation in which they decided to march for Gettysburg instead of Harrisburg, and this reported to Governor Curtin, the Federal forces started to meet their opponents at Gettysburg. And to-day the child is to decide all the great battles, make all the laws, settle all the destinies and usher in the world's salvation or destruction. Men, women, nations, all earth and all heaven, behold the child!

Notice also that in this Bible night scene God honored science. Who are the three wise men kneeling before the Divine Infant? Not boor, not ignoramus, but Caspar, Balthasar and Melchior, men who knew all that was to be known. They were the Isaac Newtons and Herschels and Faradays of their time. Their alchemy was the forerunner of our sublime chemistry, their astrology the mother of our magnificent astronomy. And when I see these scientists bowing before the beautiful babe I see the prophecy of the time when all the telescopes and microscopes and all the Leyden jars and all the electric batteries and all the observatories and all the universities shall bow to Jesus. It is much that way already. Where is the college that does not have morning prayers, thus bowing at the manger? Who have been the greatest physicians? Omitting the names of the living lest we should be invidious, have we not had among them Christian men like James Y. Simpson and Rush and Valentine Mott and Abernethy and Abernethy? Who have been our greatest scientists? Joseph Henry, who lived and died in the faith of the gospels, and Acazzia, who, standing with his students among the hills, took off his hat and said, "Young gentlemen, before we study these rocks let us pray for wisdom to the God who made the rocks." All geology will yet bow before the Rock of Ages. All botany will yet worship the Rose of Sharon. All astronomy will yet recognize the Star of Bethlehem.

Behold also that on that Christmas night God honored motherhood. Two angels on their wings might have brought an infant Savior to Bethlehem without Mary's being there at all. When the villagers on the morning of December 26 awoke, by divine arrangement and in an unexpected way the child Jesus might have been found in some comfortable cradle of the village. But no, no! Motherhood for all time was to be consecrated, and one of the tenderest relations was to be the maternal relation and one of the sweetest words "mother." In all ages God has honored good motherhood. John Wesley had a good mother, St. Bernard had a good mother, Samuel Budgett a good mother, Walter Scott a good mother, Benjamin West a good mother. In a great audience most of whom were Christians, I asked that all those who had been blessed of Christian mothers arise, and almost the entire assembly stood up. Do you not see how important it is that all motherhood be consecrated? Why did Titian, the Italian artist, when he sketched the Madonna make it an Italian face? Why did Rubens, the German artist, in his Madonna make it a German face? Why did Joshua Reynolds, the English artist, in his Madonna make it an English face? Why did Murillo, the Spanish artist, in his Madonna make it a Spanish face? I never heard, but I think they took their own mothers as the type of Mary, the mother of Christ.

The first word a child utters is apt to be "mother!" and the old man in his dying dream calls, "Mother, mother!" It matters not whether she was brought up in the surroundings of a city and in an affluent home and was dressed appropriately with reference to the demands of modern life or whether she wore the old time cap and great round spectacles and apron of her own make and knit your socks with her own needles seated by the broad fireplace, with great backlogs ablaze, on a winter's night; it matters not how many wrinkles crossed and recrossed her face or how much of her shoulders stooped with the burdens of a long life. If you painted a Madonna hers would be the face. What a gentle hand she had when we were sick and what a voice to soothe pain, and was there any one who could so fill up a room with peace and purity and light? And what a sad day that was when we came home and she could greet us not, for her lips were forever still. Come back, mother, these Christmas times and take your old place and as ten or twenty or fifty years ago come and open the old Bible as you used to, read and kneel in the same place where you used to pray and look upon us as of old when you wished us a merry Christmas or a happy New Year. But no! That would not be fair to call you back. You had troubles enough and aches enough and bereavements enough while you were here. Tarry by the throne, mother, till we join you there, prayers all answered, and in the eternal home of our God we shall again keep Christmas-mass jubilee together. But speak from your throats, all you glorified mothers, and say yes, all your sons and daughters, words of love, words of warning, words of cheer. They need your voice, for they have traveled far and with many a heartbreak since you left them, and you do well to call down from the heights of heaven to the valleys of earth. Hail, enthroned ancestress! We are coming. Keep a place right beside you at the banquet. Slow footed years! More swiftly run into the gold of that unsetting sun. Homelike we are for thee.

Behold also in that first Christmas night that God honored the fields. Come in, shepherd boys, to Bethlehem

and see the child. "No," they say; "we are not dressed good enough to come in." "Yes, you are. Come in." Sure enough, the storms and the night dew and the brambles have made rough work with their apparel, but none has a better right to come in. They were the first to hear the music of that Christmas night. The first announcement of a Savior's birth was made to those men in the fields. There were wisecracks that night in Bethlehem and Jerusalem snoring in deep sleep, and there were salaried officers of government who, hearing of it afterward, may have thought that they ought to have had the first news of such a great event, some one dismounting from a swift camel at their door and knocking at their doors with the question, "Who comes there?" the great ones of the palace might have been told of the celestial arrival. No; the shepherds heard the first two bars of the music, the first in the major key and the last in the subdued minor, "Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace, good will to men." Ah, yes, the fields were honored.

The old shepherds, with plaid and crook, have for the most part vanished, but we have grazing on our United States pasture fields and prairie about 42,000,000 sheep, and all their keepers ought to follow the shepherds of my text and all those who toil in fields—all vine dressers, all orchardists, all husbandmen. Not only that Christmas night, but all up and down the world's history, God has been honoring the fields. Nearly all the messiahs of reform and literature and eloquence and law and benevolence have come from the fields. Washington from the fields. Jefferson from the fields. The presidential martyrs, Garfield and Lincoln and McKinley, from the fields. Henry Clay from the fields. Daniel Webster from the fields. Martin Luther from the fields. Before this history is right the overflowing populations of our crowded cities will have to take to the fields. Instead of ten men in rivalry as to who shall eat that one apple we want at least eight of them to go out and raise apples. Instead of ten merchants desiring to sell that one bushel of wheat we want at least eight of them to go out and raise wheat. The world wants now more hard hands, more browned cheeks, more muscular arms. To the fields! God honored them when he woke up the shepherds by the midnight anthem, and he will while the world lasts continue to honor the fields. When the shepherd's crook was that, famous night stood against the wall of the Bethlehem khan, it was a prophecy of the time when thrasher's flail and farmer's plow and woodman's ax and ox's yoke and sheep binder's rake shall surrender to the God who made the country as man made the town.

OATHS IN LAST CENTURY.
Cursing Done at the Bar and on the Bench.
The early part of the nineteenth century was the age of heavy drinking and bad language. Gentlemen swore at each other because an oath added emphasis to their assertions. They swore at inferiors because their commands would not otherwise receive prompt obedience. The chaplain cursed the sailors because it made them listen more attentively to his admonitions. Ladies swore, orally and in their letters. Lord Braxfield, a famous Scotch judge, offered to a lady at whom he swore because she played badly at whist the sufficient apology that he had mistaken her for his wife. Erskine swore at the bar, and Lord Thurlow swore at the bench. George IV. was always swearing; a profane oath always accompanied this Defiance of the Faith's expression of approval of the weather, a horse, a dinner, or a drinking bout. His accomplished brothers envied his powers in this field of endeavor, and copied his example. "Society clothed itself with cursing as with a garment." Vauxhall, then still a fashionable resort, must have been a delectable place, with its feast of curse words and flow of oaths. Other amusements were bull baiting, cock-fighting and prize-fighting. Wilberforce and Sheridan supported a bill in 1802 to abolish bull baiting, which was opposed by Mr. Windham, on the ground that it was "the first result of a conspiracy of the Jacobins and Methodists to render the people grave and serious."—London Daily News.

Guarding Aguinaldo.
The interest aroused by the efforts of Judge O'Neill to bring Aguinaldo before the Supreme court on a writ of habeas corpus has resulted in many queries as to who is the custodian of the prisoners. Inquiries at headquarters brought forth the following information: Lieutenant Bridges is known as the custodian of Aguinaldo. He is on detached duty, assigned to that service, and has charge of the person of the prisoner, being responsible for his safekeeping. In the performance of his duty he takes orders from General Chaffee alone.

Guarding the premises which are occupied by Aguinaldo are posted sentries detailed from the artillery which forms part of the garrison of Manila. They are under the orders of, and are inspected daily by, the officer of the day of that organization, who in turn is subordinate to Colonel Chambers.

McKibben of the Twenty-fourth Infantry, who is commander of the post of Manila. Personally, Lieutenant Bridges is also in command of Colonel McKibben.—Manila American.

Clever Beavers.
Two miles from Caribou, Me., on the Aristocrat river, the beavers have built a dam of logs and mud 250 feet long, turning the river back upon the lowlands for a distance of three miles and thus creating a great lake. Trees a foot in diameter have been cut down by the beavers, the branches trimmed off, and the trunks in some mysterious manner brought to the dam and submerged. The dam is better than many on the river that have been built by men, and the Caribou people are rather proud of it. Over 1,000 beavers have worked hard on this job for several months, and they will be allowed to remain in possession all winter.

HADLEY AS A BOY.

President of Yale Was Far from Precocious as a Youngster.

It is said of President Arthur T. Hadley of Yale that as a boy and youth he was not only very peculiar but a keen disappointment to his parents. He was eccentric and apparently quite without promise. One of the guests at the recent bicentennial celebration at Yale is responsible for this story:

"When Hadley was 10 years old his mother took him to New York, where she met one of her girlhood friends, then also engrossed with family cares. To her Mrs. Hadley rehearsed her troubles, dwelling particularly on the one uppermost in her mind—Arthur T. When she concluded her friend tried to console her by saying: 'Well, bear up and never mind, dear, my son is just as bad.' I wonder what the friend would say if she could have seen Hadley conferring the degree of LL. D. on Theodore Roosevelt, president of the United States."

One of the listeners, who is certainly no respecter of persons, says the New York Times, remarked: "Perhaps Roosevelt was the other son."

A Blacksmith's Story.
Goodland, Kans., Dec. 23.—N. E. Albertson, a local blacksmith, had almost decided to give up his shop altogether on account of kleptomanism which had crippled him so that at times he could not use his hammer.

His shoulders and arms were so sore that he couldn't sleep at night. He had suffered for years, but was gradually getting worse, till at last he had about made up his mind to give up. But just then he heard of some wonderful cures of rheumatism by Dodd's Kidney Pills and thought he would try for a cure once more.

They cured him completely and he has not a trace of rheumatism left. The shop will not be given up and Mr. Albertson may be seen there any day hard at work as if nothing had ever ailed him.

A Fad to Own Shootings.

It has now become a fad to own shootings in the south, where this year it is said that the birds were never so plentiful. The shootings are as extensive as those of Scotland, and among the owners of parks of this kind in North and South Carolina are many New York millionaires. Shooting parties are given during the winter, the guests being taken down in special cars.

\$100 Reward, \$100.
The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and tissues of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address F. J. CENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by druggists, etc.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Industrious Little Manufacturers.
Wasps may often be observed detaching from fences, boards, or any old wood, the fibers, which they afterward manufacture into paper-mache.

A Good Way to Purify 1903.
Cleanse the system, purify the blood and regulate the liver, kidneys, stomach and bowels with the Herb medicine, Garfield Tea, thus insuring happiness and health for the New Year.

The cost of a cable from San Francisco to Honolulu is put at \$3,000,000.

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of the season (in ten colors) six beautiful heads (on six sheets, 10x12 inches), reproductions of paintings by Moran, issued by General Passenger Department, Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, will be sent on receipt of twenty-five cents. Address F. A. Miller, General Passenger Agent, Chicago.

Religious Advertising.

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A Christmas Dinner That Was Not Eaten
because of indigestion! This sorry tale would not have been told if the system had been regulated and the digestion perfected by the use of Nature's remedy—Garfield Tea. This wonderful herb medicine cures all forms of stomach, liver and bowel derangements, cleanses the system, purifies the blood and lays the foundation for long life and continued good health. Garfield Tea is equally good for young and old.

Water Power for the Alps.
Gigantic water power developments are projected in the Alps. There are now in the French Alps forty-three factories supplied by 250,000 horsepower, electrically generated.

The Riches of Splendid Top are Fabulous.
A full appreciation of the facts is beginning to dawn upon the investors of the world. Oil is liquid energy and the fire of the future. The rich oil fields of the world are being developed. The valuable information wanted on request. Address: Kansas City Oil and Gas Co., 409 New England Building, Kansas City, Mo.

Forty per cent of our people are farmers, who not only feed and clothe themselves, but all the rest of the inhabitants, besides exporting annually \$1,000,000,000 worth of their products.

What is the use of employing some one to do your dyeing for you. If you use PUTNAM FADELESS DYES you can do it just as well as a professional. Sold by druggists, 10c per package.

It is said that a man can truly love but once, but the average man does a lot of experimenting.

Pain, suffering, Wozard Oil could not live together, so pain and suffering moved out. Ask your druggist about it.

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Piso's Cure cannot be too highly spoken of as a cure for...
J. W. O'Brien, 323 Third Ave., N. Minneapolis, Minn., Jan. 6, 1903.

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Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. Price 25c.

The man who is not in love with his work never draws a very lofty salary.

TEACH YOUR HORSE ALL THE FANCY DANCE.
For right price, send for 25¢ book. Write to: C. S. A. MONEY, CINCINNATI, OHIO.

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Let yourself and your words, preach.

Rheumatism and Johnson's Ointment
cannot agree. The former kills the latter every time. Try it. All druggists.

Whatever you dislike in another take care to correct in yourself.

ALWAYS USE RUSS BLEACHING BLUE.
acknowledged the leading brand. Made by The Russ Company, South Bend, Ind.

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Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.
For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, and is the best for the New Year.

Of the soldiers in the civil war 48 per cent were farmers.

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The happiness that comes with good health is given to all who use Nature's gift—Garfield Tea. This Herb Cure cleanses the system, purifies the blood and removes the cause of disease.

Much of the existing prosperity is due to the enormous outlays of railroad companies.

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Ask for Russ Bleaching Blue. Made by The Russ Company, South Bend, Ind.

The true man is that which exists under what is called man.

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Who suffers from Bodily Aches and Pains, such as Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Headache, Pleurisy, Sciatica, Sprains and Bruises

Should Use

St. Jacobs Oil

It Conquers Pain

Price, 25c and 50c.

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WEALTH FOR OLD COINS. Send for 25¢ book. Write to: C. S. A. MONEY, CINCINNATI, OHIO.

A CURE FOR THE TOBACCO HABIT. Mrs. W. L. Spaulding, 312 State St., Des Moines, Iowa, has discovered a harmless remedy for the tobacco habit, which cured her husband in 15 days, after being a slave to the weed for over 20 years. It can be sent securely and in confidence. Write for it and send the prescription free to any one sending a stamped envelope to pay postage.

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Clever Beavers.

Two miles from Caribou, Me., on the Aristocrat river, the beavers have built a dam of logs and mud 250 feet long, turning the river back upon the lowlands for a distance of three miles and thus creating a great lake. Trees a foot in diameter have been cut down by the beavers, the branches trimmed off, and the trunks in some mysterious manner brought to the dam and submerged. The dam is better than many on the river that have been built by men, and the Caribou people are rather proud of it. Over 1,000 beavers have worked hard on this job for several months, and they will be allowed to remain in possession all winter.

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Two miles from Caribou, Me., on the Aristocrat river, the beavers have built a dam of logs and mud 250 feet long, turning the river back upon the lowlands for a distance of three miles and thus creating a great lake. Trees a foot in diameter have been cut down by the beavers, the branches trimmed off, and the trunks in some mysterious manner brought to the dam and submerged. The dam is better than many on the river that have been built by men, and the Caribou people are rather proud of it. Over 1,000 beavers have worked hard on this job for several months, and they will be allowed to remain in possession all winter.

Guarding Aguinaldo.

The interest aroused by the efforts of Judge O'Neill to bring Aguinaldo before the Supreme court on a writ of habeas corpus has resulted in many queries as to who is the custodian of the prisoners. Inquiries at headquarters brought forth the following information: Lieutenant Bridges is known as the custodian of Aguinaldo. He is on detached duty, assigned to that service, and has charge of the person of the prisoner, being responsible for his safekeeping. In the performance of his duty he takes orders from General Chaffee alone.

Guarding the premises which are occupied by Aguinaldo are posted sentries detailed from the artillery which forms part of the garrison of Manila. They are under the orders of, and are inspected daily by, the officer of the day of that organization, who in turn is subordinate to Colonel Chambers.

McKibben of the Twenty-fourth Infantry, who is commander of the post of Manila. Personally, Lieutenant Bridges is also in command of Colonel McKibben